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BY P. C. SULLIVAN.

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Miss Haight.

Helice Haight laid down the brush,
after smoothing her hair, and looked
sleazily at her face in the mirror. A
cold shiver ran through her frame as
she continued to gaze at the picture re-
flected there. "What will Philip say
and think when he comes to see us again?"
she murmured. Shadows crept over
her large eyes. She moved one of her
hands restlessly over her face, and then
pressed it tightly to her forehead.

Mrs. Haight's voice was heard in the
hall below. Presently she turned the
handle of her daughter's door.

"Nearly three o'clock, Helice, and—"
Mrs. Haight paused, and then walked
into the room. "Helice."

"Well, mamma?"

"Teasing yourself with the same old
miserable doubts, dear?"

Helice raised her face. A tear glit-
tered on her long lashes; she brushed
it away petulantly.

"How can I help thinking about it,
mamma! for how can Philip love me
now, with these horrid small-pox marks
so deeply indented upon my face?"

"If his manly beauty had been mar-
red at the fearful battle of Cold Har-
bor, would your love for him wavered
in consequence?"

"O mamma!" Miss Haight's pretty
forehead flushed. Tears of indigna-
tion started to her eyes.

"You have faith in yourself—then
have a little in Lieutenant Stewart,
Helice," Mrs. Haight answered gently.

"If you do not hurry, dear, the San-
itary Rooms will be crowded," she con-
tinued; and as this will be your first
visit there since your illness, it will be
less embarrassing to face a few."

Helice did not reply, but tumbled
over with nervous haste the ribbons
and collars in her drawer.

"Helice Haight is coming this after-
noon," was being said at the Sanitary
Rooms.

"Alice Burke saw her yesterday, and
declares she is quite a fright now," ob-
served someone.

"It's nothing to us if Lieutenant
Stewart doesn't think so when he
comes home on his furlough," chirped
pretty May Starnes.

"I always said beauty was but skin
deep," Miss Stukely it was who made
the observation; she was remarkably
plain-looking herself.

May Starnes glanced up with a saucy
light in her dark eyes. "Not to be
sneered at if it is but skin deep," she
said, looking towards Miss Stukely.

A flutter of conversation ensued.
Others came in presently; among the
latest was Miss Haight. May Starnes
made her way to her directly, and,
while assisting Helice to remove her
bonnet, whispered something in her
ear.

Miss Haight did not start, but her
face grew deathly in its hue. Her
lashes drooped as though they would
never lift themselves again.

May's pretty lip quivered, but she
said carelessly, in an undertone, "Don't
be a silly goose, Helice." She drew
out her tiny Geneva watch. "Come, I
will give you three minutes in which to
smooth your ruffled feathers."

Helice smiled a faint sickly smile,
and bowed her face until her cheek
rested on May's bright hair.

"How did you hear? who told you?"
she asked, in a steady voice.

"Your three minutes are not up yet;
you have been expeditious," laughed
May. "Now listen, Helice! That
precious cousin of mine, Guy Starnes,
sent a telegram to Aunt Miranda, last
evening, saying that in two or three
days we might expect him, and that

Lieutenant Stewart, who had his fur-
lough granted a month or two earlier
than was looked for, would accompany
him. But mum was to be the word,
as Lieutenant Stewart wished to sur-
prise Helice. I said, right on the spot,
to Aunt Miranda, how like a goose you
would be sure to act under such a sur-
prise at this time—be breaking your
engagement with Lieutenant Stewart
on account of having lost (ahem?)
your good looks by small-pox—or some
such ridiculous fandango you would get
off to him with your first breath; hurt
his feelings, misunderstandings would
spring up, a fierce firing ensue, a
smashing carnage follow—broken bleed-
ing hearts bringing up the rear.

"Aunt Miranda must have a fancy
for such rare appearances, for she flatly
told me not to interfere; Guy would
think we had broken faith with him;
but I declared I would prepare you for
their coming, even if it should dis-
please his high mightiness, Master Guy,
and his grand highness might wring
my neck into the bargain if he felt so
inclined. Aunt Miranda's last shot
was that I had better stay at home the
next two days and mend my stockings,
instead of going to the Sanitary
Rooms.

May looked very beautiful as she
stood there, her little head poised on
one side, her cheeks matching the deli-
cate cherry ribbons at her throat. She
was a little out of breath with her rap-
id chattering, and her eyes half flash-
ing defiance.

Guy Starnes, watching her from
without, at a side window of the San-
itary Rooms, thought, as he had often
done before, how pretty and piquant
she was in those saucy moods. The
slight, elegant figure standing beside
May looked familiar to him, but the
highly colored scarred face deceived
him.

"Helice is not there," he said, re-
tracing his steps, and speaking to Lieut-
enant Stewart, who was half way up
the hill. "I saw Cousin May though,"
he continued, a warm glow spreading
over his sunburnt cheek. "As usual,
she was in a flutter of agitation about
something."

"I am glad Helice was not there,"
Philip Stewart said, as he shook Guy's
hand at the cross-roads. He strode
rapidly on to Mrs. Haight's house.
The veranda, with its cool, green sprays
of vines, looked deserted. Through
the open door he made his way to the
music-room. A little riding glove had
been negligently thrown upon a pile of
sheet music. With a throb of pleasure,
Lieutenant Stewart recognized it as
belonging to Helice. Many slight
indications of his taste and refinement
were lavished about the apartment.

He gazed at each and all, a tender ex-
pression softening his frank, dark eyes,
and throwing himself down into the
low, easy rocker, closed eyes, head
leant back, tried to "count the ways"—
"the depth, breadth, and height"—
his soul could reach in loving Helice
Haight. Her fair, soft beauty rose be-
fore him like a vision of delight; sweet,
half shy brown eyes, the delicate,
passionate mouth, the quick,
sparkling smile, which chased the
calmness from her forehead. There
were no neutral traits about Helice
Haight. Bright, beautiful Helice.
The thought broke into words upon his
lips. A smile came down upon his
face, his cheek drooped easily against
the stuffed back of a rocker, and still
in dreams did Helice's wondrous beauty
mingle. For half an hour Philip
Stewart slept. The long, tedious hill,
and the August sun had overpowered
him at last, unawares.

When he did awake, he slowly un-
closed his eyelids, scarcely knowing
where he was. Helice stood directly
before him, a faint, sickening fear
creeping over her heart, as her eyes
remained fastened on his countenance.
The descending sun threw a resplend-
ent glow over the room, lighting up
her motionless face. A quick sob parted
her lips. Her eyes grew dark with a
nameless uncertainty and terror; but
when Lieutenant Stewart, half catch-
ing his breath, held out his arms to
her, saying: "It is, yes, it is my lit-
tle Helice," the sob grew into a strong,
passionate cry.

He did not wait for her to come to
him, and when the trembling lips were
quieted, and the sobbing breath came
evenly, he said, holding both of her
little hands to his heart: "So Helice
has been doubting the strength of
Lieutenant Stewart's love for her?"

Helice did not speak—folded safe
there to his great heart. Freed from
the tormenting doubts and fears which
had relentlessly pursued her since her
loathsome illness, her content and hap-
piness were too great for utterance. A
fluttering sigh told of past anguish and

present joy.

Philip Stewart looked down upon
the face nestling against his shoulder.
A keen pain was at his heart. Helice
had been the fairest blossom of that
little town, and he had been most proud
of her beauty. She had been toasted
at his tent by gallant comrades. His
brow became overcast with earnest
thought. Presently he said, softly:
"Helice, little Helice."

Helice stole a little hand to his
cheek and listened.

"Helice, I love you now even more
than when I went away."

May Starnes coming up the garden
walk, and through the long veranda
window into the music-room, heard the
words Lieutenant Stewart had just ut-
tered. For an instant her eyes were
riveted on his face. Then she came
hastily to his side, and resting her hand
lightly on his shoulder, said, with all
but a gush of tears:—

"You're a good man, and a great
man, and I love you next to Cousin
Guy—there!"

Philip Stewart caught her little hand
before she could move away, and draw-
ing her to him, looked laughingly in
her face.

"Why, Miss May! how am I to un-
derstand you, unless you change your
name to April? The last time I saw
you with Master Guy, you were declar-
ing you could not bear him, and sent
him roundly about his business."

"We have decided to call it quits,"
May said, breaking away from him and
walking demurely out of the room.

A NOVEL INSTITUTION.—In one of
the densely crowded streets of the
Seventeenth ward, say the New York
Commercial Advertiser, there exists a
very queer institution. It is denomi-
nated an "Academy of Tonsorial Art,"
and has quite a large number of pu-
pils. The head of the concern is a
venerable German, who has been in
this country for a number of years.
The object of the "academy" as its
name implies is to teach the "art of
shaving"—not notes, as in Wall street
—but the masculine face. The pupils
are nearly all youngsters—or as they
may be called "shavers"—who pay the
old man a small sum for instruction.
They are not allowed to operate the
faces of customers until they can, with
a sharp razor, cut the rind of a water-
melon without "damaging" the interior.
The feat is more difficult to accom-
plish than may be imagined. If any
one doubts this let him try the experi-
ment. When the youngsters are able
to perform the operation successfully
they are allowed to graduate, and de-
clared worthy to enter upon the duties
of a barber's assistant.—Post.

We think that that kind of "shav-
ers" can be tolerated very well in a
community, provided they are taught
with the "art" temperance, virtue, and
good morals generally.

"What are you disturbing the whole
house with your yells in this way for?"
demanded a Saratoga landlord of a
guest whom he found late at night
seemingly in active pursuit of invisible
foes, and yelling at the top of his
voice. "I'm shouting the battle cry
of *flea* dom," answered the guest, as
he went ahead with his search and his
yells.

He probably caught that flea, pro-
vided it was not "Paddy's flea."

A TRAIN OF CARS ON FIRE.—The
steamer New World was delayed last
evening about three-quarters of an
hour by the non-arrival of the Marys-
ville train, which was behind time at
the junction. The delay of the train
was occasioned by the burning of three
trucks loaded with hay and abandoned
at Knight's Landing by the Marysville
bound train. An engine and "caboose"
came to the rescue and conveyed the
San Francisco passengers to the
junction, leaving the Sacramento-bound
passengers to wait until the obstruction
was removed. The entire cargo of
hay and the trucks will be a total loss.

A smart girl in Minn. popped the
question to her lover, asked the consent
her parents, procured a marriage license,
ordered the wedding breakfast, the car-
riage to convey them to the depot,
and had a private conversation with
the parson all the same day. The
young man had occupied seven years
in the effort to ask her to have him, and
had failed every time.

In a literary circle some one asked if
a certain author, who wantonly injured
his reputation, was married. "He is
only wedded to his fame," was the an-
swer. "Then he makes a bad hu-
band."

A Bill Providing for an Assistant Treas- urer.

A bill has passed the Senate which
authorizes the State Treasurer, at his
discretion, to appoint an Assistant, who
shall have power to perform the duties
of Treasurer, and, as a compensation
for such Assistant, the bill provides
that the Treasurer shall receive one-
half of one per cent. for all monies re-
ceived by him, and one per cent. for
all disbursements made by him. This
gives the Treasurer one and a half per
cent. on all monies received and paid
out by him over and above his regular
salary. This, in our judgement, amounts
to about this: He will handle about
four hundred thousand dollars the first
year of his administration—there being
on hand the money for two years past
—and the balance of three years he
would handle two hundred thousand
per annum; this would amount, during
his term, to one million dollars, giving
the Treasurer the sum of fifteen thou-
sand dollars for his services during his
term; add to this his salary, provided
by the Constitution, of eight hundred
dollars per annum, amounting to three
thousand two hundred dollars, added
to the amount provided in this bill and
we have the nice little sum of eighteen
thousand two hundred dollars, which
goes directly into the hands of our
Treasurer during his term and payable
quarterly. This, to say the least, is a
very ingenious way of avoiding the
Constitution and raising the salary of
the Treasurer to four thousand five hun-
dred and fifty dollars per annum, in-
stead of eight hundred which the peo-
ple have heretofore paid. This may be
all right for Democrats, but it is re-
renchment with a vengeance, and this
is the way the crushing burdens of tax-
ation—so loudly proclaimed by Demo-
cratic stump orators—is to be lifted
from the shoulders of the sturdy yeo-
manry of Oregon.

One of the arguments most frequent-
ly advocated by those who oppose wo-
man's suffrage is that the majority of
women do not themselves desire the
franchise. But granting this to be
the case, does it prove that a thing is
not desirable for a class because that
class may not happen to desire it?

For instance, in India the English
authorities resolved to put an end to
the hideous practice of the suttee—
the burning of the widow on the fun-
eral pile of her dead husband. The
abolition of this custom was strenu-
ously resisted in India, not only by the
majority of the people there, but by
the widows themselves; for they felt
that by a failure to sacrifice then they
were disgraced, not only in this
world, but would suffer for it in the
next.

The above extract is from the *Revo-
lution*, and the reasoning speaks for it-
self.

We think, with that paper, that if
all races of men are to be permitted to
exercise that moss snered right within
the jurisdiction of the United States,
it is not only silly, but absolutely wrong
to exclude our mothers, wives and
daughters, who are far more capable
than the wild African or even the Mon-
golian to exercise that privilege, be-
cause they understand much better the
workings of our government; and to
say that they do not desire it is no an-
swer to the proposition to extend the
right, for if there were those who de-
sired, not to vote, the privilege would
not compel them.

A DISTRESSING COUGH causes the
friend of the sufferer as much pain as
the sufferer himself. Dr. Wistar's Bal-
sam of Wild Cherry will certainly cure
coughs, colds, arrest consumption, and
that speedily. When did it ever fail?
32-2w

A New York drummer, struck with
a pretty girl out in Mount Carmel, Ill.,
solicited permission to call. She cheer-
fully gave it, adding, "but you'll go
home bald-headed."

When Lot's wife was turned to salt he
took a fresh one.

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practice of Criminal Law, Collection of Claims,
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and offers his professional services to the citi-
zens of the County.

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Also, on the second Friday in each month
at 7 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of improve-
ment of the Craft in Masonry, and for such
other work as the Master may from time to
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Will attend promptly to professional calls.
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NINE WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS
served to customers on short notice.
This establishment does not dispense tangle-
foot or anything of that character.
Call at the Gem. 22-4

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Bureaus,
Lounges,
Tables,
Bedsteads,

A Variety of CHAIRS, for Kitchen and
Parlor use,
RAW-HIDE BOTTOM CHAIRS,
Of my own make.

Shop near Waymire's Mill

INVITE THE PUBLIC TO EXAMINE
my stock. I shall be pleased to show you
my goods, and better pleased when you say,
"New Work put up to order, and Repairing
done at the lowest cash price."
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men on the outside of the counter, by a gen-
tleman who has an eye to "this" on the inside.
So come along, boys! make no delay,
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19-11

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nearly twenty years' practice in making
wagons in Oregon, we feel confident we can do
as good work as can be had in any part of the
State.

**Iron and Hickory Axles,
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On hand and made to order on short notice.

Lumber Wagons.....\$150 to \$180
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Call and examine our work. Repairing
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Dallas, April 14, 1870. 7-3m

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OUR STOCK OF NEW GOODS FOR
THE
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Is now open and for sale at our store, on the
Corner of Front and Mill Streets, Dal-
las, Oregon.

We invite the attention of our patrons to
our New Stock, consisting of

Dress Goods,
Clothing,
Hardware,
Crockery,

Groceries,
Boots & Shoes,
School Books,
Stationery, &c.

In fact everything found in Retail Stores.

At Prices to Suit the Times.

Country Produce taken in exchange for
Goods!

Those having old accounts are requested to
call and settle by CASH or NOTE.
We thank the public for their liberal pa-
tronage in the past, and hope for a continuance
of the same.

N. & J. D. LEE,
Dallas, March 1st, 1870. 1-lf

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THE ELLENDALE MILL COMPANY
will give the highest market price for
wool, delivered at their factory in Polk Co.

Their Store is also open, with a general as-
ortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
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WELCH'S PREMIUM SALMON—BEST
in market—in kits or barrels.
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